

ATHLETE GIVEN 21 YEARS FOR MURDER

Barber Convicted on Second Degree Charge for Killing

Jury Returns Verdict at 11 O'clock This Morning

ARGUE 3 HOURS

Mrs. Norma Osborne at Liberty Under Bond

BATESVILLE, April 18.—(AP)—J. P. Barber, former high school athlete, was convicted on a charge of second degree murder by a jury circuit court here today, and his sentence was fixed at twenty-one years imprisonment for the slaying ten months ago of Maurice Osborne, a young merchant at Cord, Arkansas, near here.

The jury which received the case last night, returned a verdict at 11 o'clock today after three hours deliberation. Barber was tried on a first degree murder charge, but the jury was instructed it could convict him on a lesser charge.

Osborne's wife, Norma, 23, who was on the stand in Barber's trial and testified to an illicit love affair between her and the young athlete, is under a nine year sentence in connection with the slaying. She is at liberty at present under a bond pending an appeal by the state supreme court.

Barber took the stand yesterday and contradicted the woman's story that he had gained her consent to kill Osborne and sought to persuade her to leave with him.

His story was that he had gone to the Osborne home at Cord on the night of July 1, last, to discuss with Osborne, a life long friend, plans that they had made about a fishing trip. Upon his arrival he faced the muzzle of a shot gun which was held by Osborne, and in an ensuing struggle the shotgun was discharged, a charge taking effect in Osborne's face. He said he then took the shot gun and fired two additional shots into Osborne's prostrate body, and fled.

Barber was captured only a few weeks ago in Kentucky and returned here for trial. Mrs. Osborne was tried for the shooting a short time after the slaying and was sentenced to nine years imprisonment.

Couple Go on Trial Today for Robbery

RUSSELLVILLE, April 18.—(AP)—W. L. Royle, of Texarkana, and R. L. Conners, went on trial here today in connection with the robbery of the London, Ark., post office, and the Russellville freight office last February.

Both men were released from the state penitentiary last fall where they had been serving sentences.

The Editor Speaking

This is Straw Hat Day. Perhaps these spring hats get their name from the way a March wind blows up an April street.

Some unkind critic has said that a straw hat never settled an issue and the straw hat brigade never won an election. The trouble is that the politicians never know how much of the country is felt.

Rotary Club Entertain Seniors

Local Club Invites Boys to Luncheon Friday, May 16

Hope Rotary club elected its 1930-31 officers at the luncheon meeting today noon in Hotel Barlow.

George W. Ware is the new president, succeeding E. F. McFaddin; C. C. Spragins becomes vice-president; W. Homer Pigg is treasurer; Carter Johnson is secretary; and new directors added to the board are, Lynn Smith and J. P. Duffie.

The votes were counted by the nominating committee, Ed Stewart, George W. Robison and Nick Jewell.

President McFaddin, who will be succeeded by Mr. Ware and the new administration July 1, took up part of today's program with an announcement of a special entertainment for the senior boys of Hope High School. The graduates will be entertained at Rotary luncheon at noon Friday, May 16. At this time Mr. Ware will speak on "The Advantages of a College Education"; Mr. Spragins is scheduled to make an address on "The Possibilities of a Saving Account"; and the Rev. F. A. Burditt will speak on "The Value of an Objective in One's Life-Work."

A proposal was brought to the attention of the club today suggesting a half-holiday for Hope employees, possible Thursday afternoon, through the summer months. This is said to be observed in other cities throughout the South. No action was taken by the club, but the matter was recommended to individual employers.

Guests present today were, Bill Pearce, of Little Rock and Roy Anderson, of Hope.

Father-Son Banquet at Bodeaw Saturday

A Father and Son banquet will be held at 6:30 o'clock Saturday night at Bodeaw, it was announced here today. A number of Hope citizens have been invited as guests of the Bodeaw community, among them being: County Agent Lynn Smith, Roy Anderson, Alex H. Washburn and District Engineer R. B. Stanford.

Florida's citrus industry, with 22,000,000 trees and 312,000 acres, brings \$555,000,000 annually.

At Funeral of Slain Girl Clerk



While Washington police searched for her slayer, funeral services pictured here were held at Oak Grove, Va., for Mary Baker, Navy Department clerk, whose body was found lying in a culvert near the Arlington National Cemetery. The flag-draped casket is shown being borne to the grave, preceded by floral tributes from fellow workers.

Straw Hat Day is Ushered in Here

Hope Merchants Unite in City-Wide Observance of Spring Head-Gear Which Had Its Official Opening Today.

Today is Straw Hat day in Hope.

For the first time in history, local merchants have united in a joint celebration of the advent of spring head-gear. Friday, April 18, was fixed as the date for the first showing of straws, and was sustained by a proclamation published yesterday by Mayor Ruff Boyett.

Hope stores are giving over their windows today to the new straws—ranging from soft white panamas, to brown leghorns, and the more moderately priced hard-brimmed straws.

Today will find the male population of the city and its trade territory standing in front of many a shop window and debating that famous question evoked by spring:

"Now, what shall I do? Buy a damned good one and try to make it last through the season—maybe next season too—or get a medium-priced one, and buy another at the last of the season?"

Straws come early, down here in the South. The season is a month and a half ahead of the Northern spring; and straw hats are close to the hearts of Southerners. They are the universal head-gear in warm climates, and with the long Arkansas summer ahead of us, local merchants expect to do a record-breaking business in the next few weeks.

Trades Days Are Planned in Hope

Merchants Association Calls Meeting 8 p. m. Monday

The 80 members of Hope Retail Merchants association are asked to attend a meeting in the council rooms of the city hall at 8 o'clock next Monday night, to discuss the launching of a Trades day program in May.

This was determined upon at a meeting of the executive board late yesterday.

The Trades day program will be similar to those staged in other cities calling for the co-operation of all local merchants in a unified merchandising campaign which about some "The Lamont."

Yields of Mummoth Russian sunflower seed, used chiefly for chicken feed, run from 900 to 1,200 pounds an acre.

Texas Solon Dies at Washington

R. O. Lee Succumbs to Stroke of Paralysis Today

WASHINGTON, April 18.—(AP)—Representative R. O. Lee, of Texas, died in the emergency hospital here today at 10 o'clock after an illness of five weeks. Mr. Lee suffered from a stroke of paralysis five weeks ago. Physicians at first thought he would recover, but Wednesday night he suffered a relapse and yesterday doctors gave up all hope for his recovery. He was 61 years old.

Lee succeeded the former representative Tom Blanton two years ago, and had announced for his re-election. Blanton also had announced for the office.

More than 15,000 students are enrolled in home economic classes in North Carolina.

17 to Leave for Penitentiary on Local Sentences

Judge Bush Recuses Court Until Next Monday

COMMISSION SET Three Named to Select Juries for Next Term

Ellis Williams, negro, was acquitted on a robbery charge in the only trial heard in Hempstead circuit court at Washington this morning.

Williams was alleged to have taken \$111 from H. N. Rackley, of Spring Hill, while Mr. Rackley was shopping downtown in Hope several months ago.

Judge Dexter Bush recessed court at noon today until Monday morning, but first announced the names of the new jury commissioners. These are: N. R. Lewis, Binga Route Two; Jerry Turner, Hope Route One; and R. M. Briant, of Hope. In a few well chosen words Judge Bush told the commissioners that it was their duty to select honest, efficient, courageous men for jury service at the fall term of court.

Some Are Exempt

Judge Bush called attention to the fact that certain professions are exempt from jury duty, owing to their nature. Such exempt persons are physicians, lawyers, ferrymen, millers and others who cannot leave their business in order to attend court. Persons are also exempt who have served on juries at the last two terms of court.

The jury panel which the new commissioners will be asked to select for the fall term, consists of 16 grand jurors, 6 alternates and 24 petit jurors. Officers from the sheriff's department will leave for Little Rock at 5:30 Saturday morning with 17 persons sentenced to the state penitentiary or reform school in the spring term of court. These are:

To Penitentiary

Minnie Fulce, negro, murder, five years.

Bun Pruitt, grand larceny, one year.

Tom Conway, negro, grand larceny, one year.

J. T. Lewis, forgery and uttering, two years each, to run concurrently in the industrial school.

Walter Lambert, forgery and uttering, two years each, to run concurrently in the industrial school.

Isaac Scroggins, negro, grand larceny, one year.

Jesse May, negro, burglary and grand larceny, two years and one year, respectively, to run concurrently in the industrial school.

Charles Thornton, negro, burglary and grand larceny, two years and one year, respectively, to run concurrently in the industrial school.

Willie Cannon, negro, burglary, two years; grand larceny, one year; arson, two years, to run concurrently.

Charles Sampson, negro, grand larceny, one year.

Raymond Daniels, negro, grand larceny, one year.

J. W. McWashington, negro, grand larceny, two counts, one year each, to run concurrently in the industrial school.

A. G. Sales, burglary and grand larceny, two years and one year, respectively, to run concurrently.

Ike Hamilton, negro, murder, second degree, five years.

Fairbanks Crosby, negro, burglary, three years; grand larceny, two years for a total of five years.

Sam Nelson, negro, robbery, five years.

Rita Nelson, negro, robbery, three years.

SALESMAN, THOUGHT MURDERED, SHOWS UP IN TENNESSEE TOWN

Youth Arrested In New York on Homicide Charge

Describes Himself as Son of Tennessee Bishop

IS COL. GRADUATE Book Found in Maxton's Room Entitled "Dead Line"

NEW YORK, April 18.—(AP)—A youth who described himself as James Matthew Maxton, Jr., 21, and said he was the son of a Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Chattanooga, Tenn., was arrested here today on a charge of homicide in connection with the death of an aged man in an upper west side house where Maxton had occupied a furnished room.

The charge was placed against the youth a few hours after he was taken into custody by officers for questioning. The aged man, David Painter, 73, also a roomer in the Old Brownstone house had died of a fractured skull, and police learned that he had been struck over the head by Maxton and fell to the floor in the kitchen of the house.

Maxton told officers he was a graduate of Sewanee University at Sewanee, Tenn. He also told officers he attended Columbia University and held a broken nose from playing football on the junior team.

In Maxton's room police found a short story of a book entitled "Dead Line," an account of a murder. Maxton said he had engaged the room Monday.

FATHER LEAVES FOR NEW YORK

JACKSON, Tenn., April 18.—(AP)—Bishop M. Maxton, who was in Jackson to conduct services at St. Luke's church tonight, cancelled his engagement when hearing of his son's arrest in New York on a homicide charge, and left at noon by bus to his home in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Jury Deliberates Fate of Williams

Sixty-Seven Year Old Man Tried for Shooting Taxi Driver

RUSSELLVILLE, April 18.—(AP)—The jury deliberating the fate of Tom Williams, charged with first degree murder for the slaying of Malchi Tackery, of near Danville, last December, had not reached a verdict at noon today. The jury received the case yesterday.

Williams is 67 years old. He was tried for the shooting of Tackery, a taxi cab driver, who took officers to Williams home to arrest his son.

Williams alleges the shooting was accidental.

PARIS, Tenn., April 18.—(AP)—Telling a thrilling story about being kidnapped and held for ransom near Fort Worth, Texas, was unfolded here today by Samuel T. Hollowell, salesman of Little Rock, Ark., who had disappeared about a month ago from near Morrilton, Ark., which led to the belief that he had been slain.

Mr. Hollowell came to the home of relatives here after he had told newspaper men that he had escaped from his captors as they were taking him by automobile from the cabin in which he was held prisoner, chained to a wall, to another place of confinement.

Kiwanis To Visit Ozan on Thursday

Roy Allen Resigns as Club President—Hendrix Succeeds

Citizens of Ozan and immediate trade territory will be entertained by Hope Kiwanians in a program to be given in that city next Thursday night at 7 o'clock.

A suitable program is being arranged which will include the Washington quartet, short speeches by Roy Anderson, Will Atkins, Lynn Smith and John P. Cox. Other additions to the program may be made.

This is the second of a series of semi-monthly trade trips which are being made by the Hope Kiwanis club, to bring about a feeling of more friendly interest between Hope and the people in the trade territory served by this city.

Roy Allen, who has served as president of the club for several months, tendered his resignation at the regular luncheon meeting Thursday noon. This resignation was made necessary because of his removal within a short time, to Pine Bluff, where he and his family will make their home. A splendid tribute to his untiring efforts in leading the arrangements for several outstanding endeavors of the club, was paid him by John P. Cox, former president. The entire club extended him a vote of appreciation along with their well wishes in his new surroundings.

Dewey Hendrix, vice-president, will assume chairmanship of this civic club upon the retirement of Mr. Allen.

Bulletins

LITTLE ROCK, April 18.—(AP)—Eight state witnesses were heard in Pulaski county circuit court here today in the trial of Chas. M. VanDyke, former North Little Rock city clerk, charged with embezzling approximately \$28,000 in public and special improvement district funds.

WAYCROSS, Ga., April 18.—(AP)—The Georgia federation of labor today rejected by an overwhelming majority, a resolution favoring the modification of the prohibition law to permit manufacturers to sell light wines and beer.

"How are you getting along at school, Henry?" asked the father. "Fine," answered the son. "I have learned to say 'thank you' in French."

"Good," came back the father, "that's more than you ever learned in English."

Burley, Ida., has a potato storage building capable of holding 10,000,000 pounds.

CONFIRMS THEORY ABOUT HOLLOWELL

LITTLE ROCK, April 18.—(AP)—Appearing at Paris, Tenn., Samuel T. Hollowell, Little Rock salesman, making for more than a month, today confirmed the theory of investigating authorities here and at Morrilton, Ark., that he was alive and had not been slain as originally believed.

The disappearance of Hollowell came to the attention of Morrilton officials after finding his automobile here with a bullet hole in the floor board. It was found on Thursday following the Monday on which Hollowell left home.

Three youths at Morrilton were arrested and one, Tidy Davis, was said to have made a confession saying that the other two youths, Porky Guest and Carl Chalk, killed Hollowell while they were on a search in the Arkansas river bottoms for liquor, and that the two threw the body into the river.

The confession was later repudiated and officers after questioning the youths, believed they knew nothing of the salesman's disappearance. The river was dragged in search for the body, but this was abandoned after a severe questioning of Davis. Authorities also investigated a report that Hollowell had taken out a large amount of insurance shortly before his disappearance.

GIVES ACCOUNT OF KIDNAPING

LITTLE ROCK, April 18.—(AP)—The account of the kidnaping began when Hollowell said he picked up a stranger at a filling station the day following his departure from his home at Little Rock, and of a blow that struck him over the head from the stranger which rendered him unconscious after his automobile had been forced from the road by another car bearing an Arkansas license tag.

Hollowell said when he revived from the blow he found himself in a cabin near Fort Worth, Texas, under guard, and that he was told he was being held there for ransom. The following day he was informed that money had been sent for his release. He told of being held in the cabin for a number of days.

It was later decided to take him to another place where he was to be held, and it was on this trip, in a southerly direction only two days ago, that he effected his escape.

BEG PARDON

In correcting the list of prizes offered by Hope merchants for the benefit bridge party to be staged by Julia Chester hospital at the Saenger theatre next Tuesday, The Star stated yesterday that T. E. Knight had offered a \$5 pair of Arch Support shoes. The correct price is \$8.50. The shoes will be fitted by George W. Robison & Co.



The Husband and Hunter

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by RUTH DEWEY GROVES

CHAPTER I

Silence as tense as a bowstring hung over the dinner table of the Converse home. Alan Converse and his wife, Natalie, listened to it with hot nerves and strained emotions.

Between them the table gave testimony to the material prosperity of their life. It bore a cloth of such rich damask that the delicate rose-colored pattern seemed embossed upon it. The dessert service, correctly placed by an attractively uniformed maid, was of pure sparkling crystal. A trailing vine centerpiece, with a few pink blooms, formed an exquisite decoration.

These things Natalie Converse had inherited with delight. But the table might now have been a pine board and the dishes of tin, for all the admiration they excited in her mind.

Her one thought was that Bernadine Lamont had telephoned to Alan. Bernadine Lamont!

phoned her to talk about Bernadine Lamont. "That Lamont woman," Gladys Wynne had called her.

How had she got in? The question was still raging in the neighborhood. Through a dummy purchaser, people said. Well, it was someone's carelessness that had permitted a notorious character to settle down in a fine English manor house, among respectable homes, the wives declared and there'd be a lot of voting at the next public meeting of the community administration committee.

Of Bernadine's presence among them, Natalie Converse had said less than the other women—but she had thought more.

Bernadine was beautiful; alluringly, dangerously beautiful. No one could help knowing this. Bernadine's high-pitched voice seemed to tingle in the air, and her eyes, of a deep, dark blue, were full of fire.

Often Natalie had looked at Alan, and wondered where his lavish generosity would lead him should it ever be centered upon another woman. A

beautiful woman, like Bernadine Lamont, openly snubbed one or two who were men. A greedy woman.

She had no idea that Alan knew "The Lamont." It seemed incredible. Alan was only a beginning-to-be-wealthy broker. Surely Bernadine would want someone higher on the ladder of success. But, hadn't she heard a story somewhere about some notorious woman who had stooped to bring about the financial ruin of a young bank clerk? A boy who couldn't have given her, at the most, more than enough money to buy perfume for her pet Pekinese?

But the boy was handsome, she remembered. Alan, too, very handsome. She had resented his good looks on several occasions. Now she stared at him, and her resentment grew with the fire that flamed under her cool exterior.

Since their marriage, three years ago, she had come to scoff at the memory of the joy she had found in being engaged to a man who was the envy of all her girl friends. It had ceased to please her when other women admired him. Lately she had gushing compliments about him.

She would, if she could, have robbed him of his good looks at that moment, particularly his wavy brown hair that he hated—his laughing brown eyes, and the ready smile that won him friends so easily.

She was still able to control it—to a degree. She did not fling herself out of her chair and bar the door. Instead, she sat quietly and bored at him with eyes that effectively counteracted as words could have been. It was Alan who acted.

He shattered the silence with an uneasy, offhand laugh. Or rather, the beginning of one. Natalie interrupted.

"Alan, you aren't going?" She escaped being dramatic only by the utmost control of her voice—the voice that could be as silvery sweet as the notes of a rare violin.

"Now, Natalie, for heaven's sake, don't begin that stuff," Alan retorted, more worried than he cared to have her know.

"But Alan..." "Please," he groaned. "I know what you're going to say. I know it

by heart. The Lord knows I've heard it often enough."

Natalie was quick with an answer. "You haven't heard what I have to say about Bernadine Lamont," she cried.

Alan sank down in his chair, put down the dessert fork he had taken up again after unswerving Bernadine's telephone call, and assumed a resigned attitude.

"Let's have it," he said. "All the women around here are talking about her." Natalie began, a bit subdued by Alan's manner.

He nodded. "What of it?" "Why don't you see?" Natalie fired back at him. "You can't have anything to do with her. Oh, I know it's business," she added hastily. "You left the door open and I couldn't help hearing. But if you accept her as a client everyone we know will be against you. All the women are wild about her having bought a house here in Hillsboro, and..."

"What do I care?" Alan broke in, sitting up, and impatiently preparing to leave the table.

Natalie jumped to her feet. "You've got so care. You want new clients,

don't you? Isn't that one reason why we came up here and joined the country club—so that you could meet the right kind of people?"

"Don't be silly," Alan admonished her. "That was one reason, of course. But we like to live this way, don't we? And let me tell you, this house wasn't built on money I made from Hillsboro commuters. Mrs. Lamont's money helped build it, if you must know. I've handled an account for her for years."

"Alan! Natalie was filled with sudden suspicion. "You didn't help her get in here?"

"No, I didn't," Alan admitted. "She didn't ask me to help her."

"Well, where are the children?" he demanded.

Natalie summoned her courage. "Don't," she evaded, "try to change the subject by switching to children."

"You won't answer that, will you?" Alan pressed on unpleasantly.

Natalie's head went up in proud silence. She had never told him why she had buried her desire for motherhood. Not to have children was a decision she had made by herself, and would keep to herself. At least from Alan as long as the shadow of impending separation hovered over them.

She had seen too much of divorce among parents. She did not believe that children held men and women together. And she wasn't sure that she could endure her jealousy even if she could hold Alan in spite of it. He had warned her once that he was about fed up with it. She hadn't forgotten that warning. Neither could she cease being jealous.

"No, you won't answer it," Alan said.

Natalie maintained her silence. Alan's reproach against their childless state was the most effective weapon available to him when they were

in verbal conflict. He did not use the weapon only as a means of having the last word. He was sincere in his reproach. He wanted children.

He was at the door. Their quarrel was ending as usual—with him striding away from her, perhaps not to return for many unhappy hours.

This time Natalie stopped him. Her hands clenched, and pride fought hard to still her tongue, but jealousy conquered.

"Alan," she called tensely, "are you really going to that woman's house?"

Alan whirled. "You will make a fool of yourself, won't you?" he shot back at her. "Trying to pretend it's for my sake, my business, that you don't want me to go there, while all the time it's your damnable jealousy that's bothering you."

Natalie's face went white. "No woman who cared for her husband would let him go to Bernadine Lamont's house without protesting," she said.

"Dash it," Alan exclaimed. "What do you think Bernadine is, anyway?" Natalie decline to answer.

(Continued on page three)

Hope Star

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Hope, Arkansas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

BY STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY
217 South Main Street
Hope, Arkansas

C. E. PALMER, President
ALEX. E. WASHBURN, Editor and Publisher

Subscription Rates

(Always Payable in Advance)

By city carrier, per month \$3.33; six months \$27.75; one year \$50.00. By mail, in Hempstead, Nevada, Howard, Miller and Lafayette counties, \$3.00 per year; elsewhere \$3.50.

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"The newspaper is an institution developed by modern civilization to present the news of the day, to foster commerce and industry, thru widely circulated advertisements, and to furnish that check upon government which no constitution has ever been able to provide."—Col. McCormick.

The Star's Platform

CITY

Apply the revenues of the municipal power plant to develop the industrial and social resources of Hope.
More city pavement in 1930, and improved sanitary conditions in the alleys and business back-yards.
Support the Chamber of Commerce.

COUNTY

A county highway program providing for the construction of a minimum amount of all-weather road each year, to gradually reduce the dirt-road mileage.
Political and economic support for every scientific agricultural program which offers practical benefits to Hempstead county's greatest industry.
Encourage farmer organizations, believing that co-operative effort is practical in the country as it is in town.

STATE

Continued progress on the state highway program.
Fearless tax reform, and a more efficient government through the budget system of expenditures.
Free Arkansas from the cattle tick.

United Action Needed

THERE is still no decision on the fate of the 1930 Watermelon Festival. No civic organization thus far appears willing to shoulder again the tremendous task which has been performed for the last four years.

As a spectacle, the Watermelon Festival has given this city considerable fame. But the financial return is represented in the annual watermelon crop of Hempstead county, which last year amounted to four hundred and fifty carloads.

So large an industry no longer depends entirely on the Festival. Hempstead will continue to grow watermelons, and command a good price, regardless. But the rapid growth of the business, and the danger of competition from the truck growers of other sections, suggests that the Hempstead county producers get busy and form their own association.

A city thinks about Watermelon-Festival-time only a very few months of the year. What is needed is an organization of melon growers to look after local interests twelve months out of the year.

For illustration of the need of something like this, there is the case quoted by Carter Johnson, railroad rate counselor. The railroads furnish livestock cars to ship watermelons in. But because the exposed sides of the cars permit melons to be gouged by vandals during shipment, somebody has to board up the lower half of the cars before they can be used for watermelons. Heretofore, the shippers have paid this added expense, although the law indicates that the railroads ought to shoulder it. This year the railroads are trying to make it a hard-and-fast rule that the shipper has to pay for it.

An association of Hempstead county growers would be the proper body to take up a fight of this kind. There are other illustrations constantly coming to mind in the day's news, warning local growers to organize so that they may protect the business they already have.

The Farm Board's Aims

IT is doubtful if any governmental activity in recent years has caused as much discussion, pro and con, as the program of the Farm Board under the direction of the energetic Alexander Legge.

On one side have been hopeful farmers, eager to see some sort of help for a distressed agriculture come out of the board's work. On the other hand have critics, calling Mr. Legge's efforts "socialistic" and insisting that they will, in the long run, do more harm than good.

It is in order, perhaps, to hear what Mr. Legge himself has to say about it. In the current issue of Forbes Magazine he writes as follows:

"Now here is the big thing that the Farm Board is aiming at. It is trying to get the farmer to help himself. It is trying to get him to organize and co-operate and get his business into sound and efficient shape.

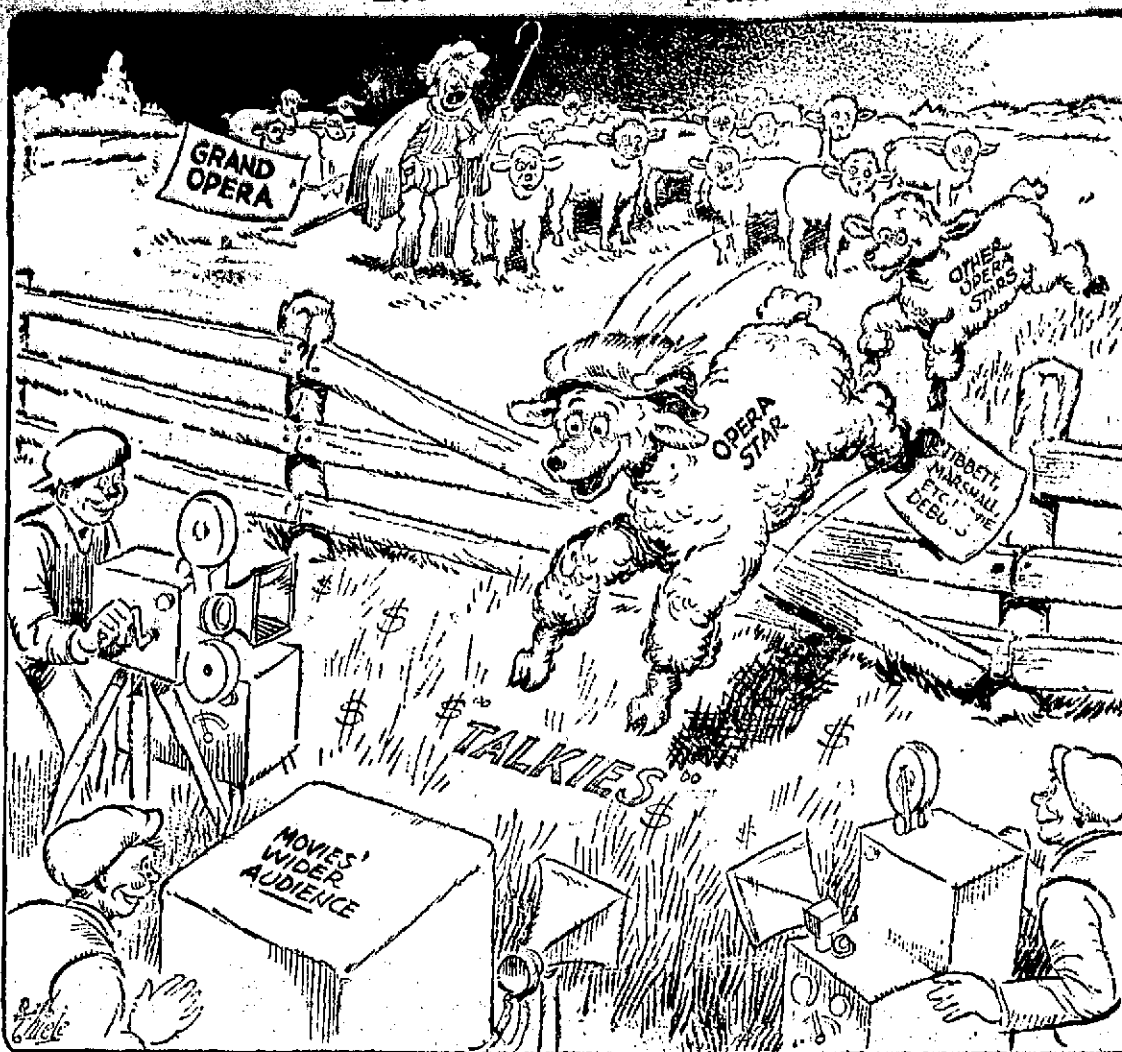
"The greatest trouble with agriculture, as perhaps not everybody understands, has been that it kept operating as an individual enterprise competing with the organized effort in other industries—individual action and planning as compared with collective thinking and acting. That is why agriculture as an industry has not kept pace with other industries. There has been too much of a habit of considering it a natural resource rather than a great industry.

"The board believes that it can be of great assistance to the American farmers by encouraging the development of large scale, central co-operative marketing organizations. Such an agency, because of its prestige and influence, would be able to exert a measurable degree of control over the flow of its products to the market. It would avoid temporary surpluses which so often result in depressing prices much below their real value.

"That is why the major policy of the Farm Board is directed toward the expanding and strengthening of the co-operative movement. It may take time—it probably will take a good deal of time—but eventually an efficient, well-managed organization satisfactorily serving the public at a reasonable cost will take charge of the marketing of farm products."

All of this sounds eminently sensible, and it is a bit hard to understand the criticisms that have been hurled at Mr. Legge. The wise thing to do, it seems, would be to give him all the time and money he needs. If he can help agriculture back to prosperity, no price will be too high.

Looks Like a Stampede!



BY RODNEY DUTCHER
NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON—The idea used to be that the most flowery splendors, the best drum-beaters, the most powerful ballyhoo artists, the most effective heart-string pullers, the strongest flag wavers and the most piercing shriekers for the administration were all safely confined within the halls of Congress. That theory has just been proved utter nonsense by Mr. W. Irving Glover, assistant postmaster general.

Mr. Glover grasped all those laurels for himself in one comparatively brief statement mimeographed and issued to an unsuspecting America by the Postoffice Department. Mr. Glover had decided that he would make a glowing forecast of the future of the American merchant marine and it may be said that in hyperbole and unbounded enthusiasm his effort has not been equalled since the good old days when there was a busy bar on the House side of the Capitol.

Calls for a Salute

"Chapeaux off," exclaimed Mr. Glover, "to the gallant Europa of the North German Lloyd on her wonderful performance in crossing the Atlantic in four days, 17 hours and 6 minutes!"

Chapeaux means hats in French. And it isn't enough for Mr. Glover to get them off our heads. They must be replaced and doffed all over again as Mr. Glover pulls the star-spangled banner from up his sleeve and waves it frantically. "But slip them back quietly," he continues, "to be ready to take them off again to one of the giants of the new merchant marine of the United States which is fast coming into being and will soon wrest

the 'blue pennant' from the present 'Queen of the North Atlantic' and place it where it properly belongs at the masthead of an American-built ship, built by the brains and brawn of American workmen in the shipyards of America, by materials of this country, under the terms of the Jones-White Act administered by Postmaster General Brown."

You might think that was Mr. Glover's supreme effort, but he was only getting started. He looked into the future, saw glorious visions and again burst into song.

According to him, the postmaster general (who has charge of the U. S. postoffice and mail systems) was considering "establishment of several essential trade routes, all new in the trade routes of the world." Mr. Glover virtually settled the unemployment problem with the assurance that these routes would result in a new building program calling for "a still greater drain on the unemployed, if there are any to be found in this class by early summer" and added, "Who knows but what the Pacific coast will find itself, at last, well fortified by a great merchant fleet to meet all foreign competitors, new cargo and passenger ships with speed and accommodations of which any nation can be proud?"

Lots and Lots of Ships

And the gulf? Why, the gulf will find its South and Central American trade routes "tightly secured" by a fleet "to command the attention of the merchant marine world." And on the North Atlantic "you will see the giant Leviathans and other great ships, too, proudly flying Old Glory and that flag, at last, restored to the front rank in the merchant marine fleets of the world, which no one denies is its proper place."

News of Other Days

From the Files of the Star

25 YEARS AGO

D. L. King, of Louisville, was a visitor to Hope Thursday.
Hon. W. V. Tompkins, of Prescott, spent Thursday in our city.

Rev. J. J. Haynes, of Arkadelphia, city today.

10 YEARS AGO

Jett Spain, of Nashville, is in the city today.

FOLGER FLAVOR

Different from all others—the true rich flavor of Central American rare mountain coffees



Experts call it the world's finest flavor

FOLGER'S COFFEE

VACUUM PACKED

Has Strength, Energy Of 20 Years Ago



ROBT. A. STRATE

"I suffered ten years with as bad a case of stomach trouble as any man ever had. It was impossible for me to ever enjoy a meal without suffering."

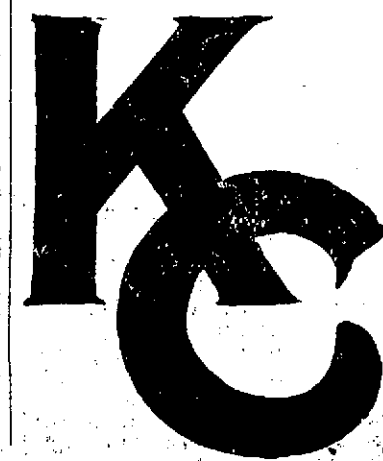
"Five bottles of Sargon made me feel like a new man. I have gained sixteen pounds and have as much strength and vitality as I had twenty years ago."

I have never found anything to equal Sargon Soft Mass Pills. They regulate me perfectly.—Robt. A. Strate, 425 West 24th Street, Oklahoma City.

The demand for Sargon and Sargon Soft Mass Pills has probably broken all world's records for the length of time they have been on the market. Ward & Son, Agents. (Adv.)

gard it as right smart.

But there is no professor as absent-minded as the one who poured cream on his head and then scratched the strawberries.



BAKING POWDER

Same Price for over 38 Years
25 ounces for 25 cents

Guaranteed Pure and Healthful

Millions of pounds used by the Government

Another eruption has occurred in Italy... the crown prince has broken out with the measles.

The mah who became the champion egg eater by consuming 40 eggs apparently knew a thing or two about cold storage.

Golf is becoming very popular in Mexico. It will be a pleasure now for disgruntled young Mexicans to talk about shooting over and under Pa.

A New York burglar who disguised himself as a ghost made too much noise and was captured. He must have been a crap-shooter and unconsciously rattled his bones.

Professor Alfred A. Michelson, noted scientist, gave a luncheon the other day and forgot to attend it. This may have been absent-mindedness on the professor's part, but many will re-

When the Cows Come Home

The past four years have witnessed an increase to \$475,000,000.00 in annual cash income from the sale of dairy products in the United States. Dairy products lead all other sources of cash income on our farms.

Nearly three billion dollars is the annual farm value of milk and dairy products. Dairy cows account for \$1.00 of every \$5.65 paid to farmers. Of every \$5.00 spent by the American family for food, \$1.00 is for dairy products.

The dairy cow is the starting point of diversification. She is the manufacturing plant that turns the raw product of the fields into cash, stabilizing and insuring the income of her owner whether crops succeed or fail or prices crash due to surpluses.

Dairy development is making the greatest progress in those sections where town and country have realized the need for concerted effort. Arkansas needs more dairy-minded business men who will take an active part in promoting milk production.

Yours for More Profitable Farming

ARKANSAS



"Home of the Thrifty"

Hope

Arkansas

A young barrister, taking his first case, had been retained by a farmer to prosecute a railroad company for killing 24 pigs.
He wanted to impress the jury with the magnitude of the injury. "Twenty-four pigs, gentlemen. Twenty-four; twice the number in the jury box."

For Texaco Pro
Call phone
333 or 919
The Texas Comp
G. H. Harrell, Agent



WHEREVER YOU GO YOU FIND BLUE RIBBON MALT!

In millions of households Blue Ribbon Malt is the permanent favorite. Such firmly established, ever-increasing popularity is proof that America's Biggest Seller is the standard of quality. Packed full three pounds.

Write for Leno's Free Recipe Book of foods, candies, Premier Malt Sales Co., 720 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

SPOT LIGHTS SPECIALS

FOR SATURDAY

SATURDAY IS COFFEE DAY

We are the exclusive dealers for Arkansas' most famous Coffee.

BONNETTE COFFEE

We will guarantee Bonnette to be as good as the best coffee ever sold in Hope and that it will make more cups to the pound. By special arrangement, Mrs. Warren will serve Bonnette all day tomorrow and she invites you to come and try a cup. To get you acquainted with Bonnette we are making a special price.

Large Can Bonnette
1-1 lb. can Bonnette
1 Rose Ice Tea Glass

\$1.00

1 Parcel Bag

All for

EXTRA SPECIAL

Free demonstration on Sunshine Cakes and Crackers. Special prices on all products.

Assorted Bon Bons.

Cakes Fresh and dainty per pound 29c

Pure Granulated Sugar 10 lb. cloth sack with order of \$1 or more 49c

New Potatoes Red Triump Fancy Quality pound 5c

Country Eggs Strictly Fresh dozen 23c

Iceberg Lettuce Large Firm head each 7c

Best Quality Cheese Full Cream Pound 25c

Decker's English style Breakfast Bacon Sugar cured, no rind -- no waste. pound 32c

Sta-Rite Brand Oleo Best Grade per lb. 17c

Hams Swift's Premium, Armour's, Star and Independent brands. Fresh and prices right.

R. L. Patterson

CASH AND CARRY GROCERY

"Owned and Operated by Home Folks"

The Husband Hunter

© 1930 BY NEA SERVICE INC.

BY RUTH DEWEY GROVES

"WELL, I'll tell you what she is," Alan stated. "She's the widow of Jack Lamont, the buddy who saved my life in the big row. You don't expect me to forget that, do you?" He did not wait for a reply, but went on, tumbling his words wistfully one over another.

"Jack died a few years ago, and Bernadine went to work. She had to. She has a kid. She was on the stage, just starting, when Jack met her. And with that—a little experience but a lot of talent—she made good."

"As a night club hostess," Natalie sneered.

"It was the only chance she got," Alan retorted. "She couldn't hang around the agencies, waiting for a job with a hungry kid at home. Jack was no good after the war. When she got through nursing him, and paying the funeral expenses, she hadn't a penny left."

He stopped for breath, and Natalie instantly put forward her own opinion of Bernadine and her profession.

"I suppose," she said, "you expect me to believe she's too good for what she's doing. Why doesn't she leave it then?"

"You would ask that," Alan rejoined. "No woman who has been taken care of as you have could understand what it means to be on your own with a child to support."

"I'm certain I could manage without losing my self-respect," she flung back at him.

"Who says Bernadine has lost her self-respect?" he retorted.

NATALIE laughed.

"Just because the world thinks she has, doesn't make it so," Alan went on defensively. "And if you weren't so jealous that you can't think straight, you'd realize that once you're where you can make money easily, and you need that money to educate a child, you aren't going to turn back and start out again just to appease a lot of harping critics."

Again he paused for breath, and again Natalie was ready with an answer.

"Any decent woman wants to leave a respected name for her child," she declared.

"That's right—fall back on generalities," Alan sneered. "But just to be sure, what good would Bernadine do to reform?"

"Oh, that word!" she couldn't resist a living, would any of you even criticize her help here? You under it wouldn't. And you wouldn't notice that she'd been under the whip, either."

Natalie was only fired the more by his defense of the outwitted woman who had invaded the sacred precincts of Hillshire.

"It isn't up to the rest of the world to pay anyone to be respectable," she asserted with a touch of smugness. "Anyway, I should think she has money enough to . . . reform."

"You've been reading press agent bunk," Alan scoffed. "Bernadine's not much better off than I am."

"Still she's able to speculate in the market," Natalie pointed out. "At least," she added insistently, "I hope that her interest in you is purely professional."

Alan smiled resignedly. "I almost wish I could give you something to be jealous over, but there's nothing other than business friendship between me and Bernadine."



Phillipa West, secretary to Alan Converse.

to the window to look out over the bluestone driveway that semicircled the front yard. She smiled wistfully at her hope. He couldn't return so soon—unless he hadn't really gone. Ridiculous idea. Of course he had gone. He always went nowadays, when he started. And always he stayed away a little longer. Perhaps, some day, he would not come back at all.

HER thoughts here became unendurable. She left the window, went to the telephone and called up Gladys Wynne.

"Is there any bridge at your place tonight?" Natalie asked.

"Well," Gladys hedged, "are you entertaining a third?"

"Just myself," Natalie explained. "I've nothing to do."

"Okay," Gladys invited. "We've a few people here—I didn't want a stranger."

Natalie walked over, but the destination of her mind was not the Tudor house of the Wynnes. It was the stone, brick and timber structure that Bernadine Lamont had purchased, so greatly to the consternation of her neighbors.

What could be happening there? What had the Lamont woman wanted of Alan? She knew too little of Bernadine and the interior of her house to follow Alan there in thought. She could not see the worried expression on the face of the maid who admitted him. She could not see Alan's own expression grow grave at the choked words the maid spoke to him as she took his things and unthinkingly tossed them upon a chair. Nor see him mount the stairs two at a time in his sudden haste.

Hidden from her picturing was the figure lying on a day-bed in the upstairs sunroom. A room Bernadine loved and used more than any other part of the house. She so rarely saw the sun, she explained. And then, too, Bobby played there when he was not outdoors.

He was not there now. Bernadine had sent him to bed early. He was supposed to go to bed early every night, but it puzzled him when he was compelled to do it. Bernadine had felt guilty over her indulgence, but how could she send him to bed before it was time for her to go to the club? She couldn't. Bobby was her life. Then she heard someone say that sleep is sleep—and it was rather nice to have Bobby remain quiet an hour or two longer in the morning—for when he awoke he ran in to wake her. He might go away again after they'd had a nice morning tussle, but sleep would not easily come back to Bernadine that day.

And she needed sleep. That was one of the things her doctor was forever telling her. Just as though her own quivering nerves were not always impressing the same fact upon her.

The doctor was there now. He hadn't gone since he came an hour ago, and Bernadine had sent Bobby to bed.

He greeted Alan in a low-pitched voice. They'd never met before. But he had heard about Alan. Bernadine had been telling him why she had sent for Alan Converse alone of all her friends.

Alan went quickly to her side. "What is it?" he asked, his voice a trifle husky.

(To Be Continued)

don't know why I bother to tell you about it, but Bernadine came to me when she began to get tips from Wall Street men, and asked me to act as her broker."

"Oh, then you didn't know her before she . . . became successful?" Natalie inquired.

"No, I didn't," Alan told her. He did not speak the rest of his thought. Natalie's passion of jealousy was not a thing into which he cared to delve. He knew, without confession on her part, that she had jumped to the conclusion that he had helped Bernadine before she became known to the country over for her success with night club patrons.

"JACK had told Bernadine about me," he continued, "but she didn't look me up until she saw my name somewhere, and paid me a professional visit."

"To tell you all about her hard struggle to take care of herself, and support her son," Natalie interjected sarcastically.

"In time that came," Alan admitted.

"On one of your visits to her home, I suppose," Natalie thrust at him.

Alan smiled. "I have never paid a visit to her either in her home or anywhere else."

Natalie stood erect. "Yet she dares to call you here and ask you to leave me and come to her!" she cried.

Alan shrugged. "She probably didn't give you thought," he replied a bit wearily. "Furthermore, Natalie, Bernadine is a valued client. If she has need of me to-night, I am sure it is important. I need her business."

Alan had had enough. "This is getting us nowhere, as usual," he said caustically, looked at his watch, and turned again to go.

Natalie did not try to stop him. She stood still as a statue, while Alan disappeared from her sight. But when the slam of the front door echoed, back through the high-ceilinged hall, she dropped into her chair and struggled to restrain her tears.

She hated to weep. This thing—this trouble—between her and Alan seemed too big for tears. Tears belonged to anger or sorrow. Anger was futile now—and there was no sorrow, sweet or otherwise, in the torment of a jealous heart. It was like a disease, an incurable disease that ate at her mind and heart day and night. It motivated her even when she knew she had no cause to be suspicious.

She went upstairs and sat in her room, trying to write a letter to her mother, but the words she wanted to put down got mixed up with the words of the unuttered prayer that was close behind her lips.

"Send him back to me! Send him back to me!"

She put aside the pen, and went

to the window to look out over the bluestone driveway that semicircled the front yard. She smiled wistfully at her hope. He couldn't return so soon—unless he hadn't really gone. Ridiculous idea. Of course he had gone. He always went nowadays, when he started. And always he stayed away a little longer. Perhaps, some day, he would not come back at all.

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(To Be Continued)

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR COUNTY OFFICE
County Election, August 12, 1930.

For Sheriff
J. E. BEARDEN
J. W. GRIFFIN
RILEY LEWALLEN
JOHN L. WILSON

For County Judge
H. M. STEPHENS
J. MARK JACKSON
RUFFIN WHITE

For Assessor
JOHN W. RIDGILL
SHIRLEY ROBINS

For Road Overseer
(DeRoon Township)
SID TAYLOR

For County Clerk
FRANK MAY

pending month of 1929. More men are employed in the factories than ever before at this time of the year.

MELROSE

We are glad to say that V. C. Rothwell is up after a long illness. Rev. Anderson filled his regular appointment Sunday with a large crowd present.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Arnold went to Nashville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Lautherback went to Okay Sunday and reported a nice time.

Mrs. Frank Mullins of Oak Grove spent Friday night with her son, Hollis Mullins.

The birthday party given for V. C. Rothwell was enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Green of Hope was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mevis Sunday.

April 18th.

Dear Folks:

Have you noticed how many men blossomed out in their straw hats today? They all looked like they were new—but possibly some of them are like those last season's summer clothes which we have renovated. In nearly every case the owner tells me I was so careful in my work that they look like a brand new 1930 suit or dress.

Well, I'm glad to take the credit, of course. But it's mostly because of the modern machinery and equipment and the way each different fabric is properly cleaned. I don't know how our workmen do it so skillfully, myself. But I'm great on running errands around this shop.

Yours for scientific cleaning.

Ben Sipe

HALL BROTHERS
Cleaners and Dyers

Phone 385

Prescription Druggists



WARD & SON
"We've got it"
The leading druggists
Phone 67

EASTER DINNER

Easter Sunday is rather a special day, and calls for rather a special dinner. And so we've prepared a specially choice array of meat bargains: the best on the market is yours. Fresh, juicy and tender cuts. Free delivery on all orders.



Specials For Saturday

DRESSED CHICKEN
WHITE RIVER CHANNEL CAT FISH

SPRING LAMB Wilson's certified Leg 35c
Shoulder 33c
Loin Chops 40c

BULK SAUSAGE Fancy mixed 20c

HAM Deckers Iowa Whole or Half 30c
None Better

BREAKFAST BACON Deckers or 1 lb. 35c
Wilsons Certified cartoons 35c
BROOKFIELD 1 lb. cartons 35c
SAUSAGE Link

Moore Bros.

Phone 412

SOCIETY

Mrs. Sid Henry Telephone 321

OUR DAYS

The days they come, the days they go,
leads upon life's chain;
th' opacient hues they glow,
like drops of pearly rain
at vivid rainbow colors show,
s, when life and hope are young,
d love her sweetest songs hush

sung.
The days they come, the days they go,
Notes upon life's scale,
And minor chords of deepest woe
Toll of hopes that fail,
And greatest loss that earth can know,
God grant we keep the rainbow hue,
Still hope and youth's glad song re-
new.—Selected.

Miss Anna Norton of Texarkana spent yesterday visiting in the city.

George Parker of Little Rock, representative of the Guardian Loan association spent yesterday visiting with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Floyd.

Jack Stewart of the State University, Fayetteville, arrived last night to spend the spring vacation visiting with home folks.

Mrs. Sterling Williams of Okmulgee, Okla., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest O'Neal.

Miss Frances White of Stevens College, Columbia, Mo., will spend the spring vacation visiting with Miss Mildred Schmitt in Paola, Kansas and Kansas City, Mo.

The Brookwood P. T. A. will conduct a food sale tomorrow at 9 o'clock, at the old Stuart store on Elm street. They will have dressed chickens, cakes and dyed Easter eggs. Telephone your orders to either Mrs. Leo Robins or Mrs. Robert Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Giorseth of Little Rock, will be week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Sandefur.

Miss Martha Jane Bucher Hempstead county home demonstration agent, will spend the week end visiting in Fort Worth, Texas.

Mrs. Dan Hickman formerly of

this city, and who will be remembered as Miss Gussie Shelton, passed away at her home in Eldorado this morning. She is survived by her husband, and a small son and infant daughter, father and mother brother, W. C. Shelton, formerly of Hope, now of Texarkana.

Miss Annie Maher entertained her Sunday school class of the First Baptist Sunday school at an Easter egg hunt yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Fred White on South Main street. Miss Agatha Mathews assisted in directing the hunt, and a gift was given the one finding the greatest number of Easter eggs.

The women's Christian Temperance Union held their regular monthly meeting yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Dorsey McRae on East Third street, with Mesdames W. E. Jones and Andrew as associate hostesses. The splendid McRae home was aglow with beautiful spring flowers. The meeting was opened with singing followed by a most inspiring devotional and prayer by Mrs. W. L. Parkins. The program subject for the afternoon was "Scientific Temperance Instruction." Interesting papers were read by Mrs. K. G. McRae, Sr., Mrs. Francis Buddin, Mrs. W. P. Agee and Mrs. W. M. Cantley. During the social hour the hostesses served a delightful ice with angel food cake to 15 members and one visitor.

Million in Ads for Frigidaire

Tremendous Newspaper Campaign is Being Launched

DAYTON, April 17.—The largest newspaper advertising campaign in the history of Frigidaire corporation, electric refrigerator subsidiary of General Motors, is being launched this month, following a first quarter of unusual activity. E. G. Biechler, president and general manager, made known here today.

One million dollars will be spent

for advertising this spring in approximately 2,500 newspapers in the United States to tell the story of the superiority of this electric refrigerator, Mr. Biechler said.

"The million dollar newspaper campaign, which will be the backbone of our spring activity, expresses our faith predicted upon the experience gained from many years of advertising," said Mr. Biechler.

"Newspapers," he continued, "play a prominent part in recent introduction of the hydrator, a moist air compartment which enables the housewife to perfectly preserve vegetables and revive those that have wilted. The hydrator, a part of all household models, is being acclaimed today, three months after its introduction, in homes in all parts of the country, and numerous letters of commendation have been received by the corporation."

One of the salient features of the newspaper campaign is the hearing of the fact that sales of this electric

STORAGE

Moses Feed Store

Phone 775

NEW GRAND THEATRE

TODAY
All Talk—Music
Don't Miss
"Half Marriage"

with
Olive Borden
Sally Blane
and many others

ALSO
Tom Tyler
in
"Law of the Plains"

ADDED
Talking Comedy—Serial
"King of the Jungle"

ADMISSION 10c-25c

THE NEW
SUPER-
AUTOMATIC

FOR 15 years, Kelvinator engineers have striven to make electric refrigeration more trouble-free, more automatic, more complete in the service it renders to users.

The results of this policy are evident in a first inspection of the new Super-Automatic Kelvinators now available in a wide range of self-contained models.

Iso-Thermic Tubes, for example, are

found only in the new Kelvinators. Built around a special freezing tray, this new device automatically starts freezing operations when a tray of water or dessert is placed within. Ice cubes and frozen desserts are prepared in record time. There is nothing to watch or regulate.

But Kelvinator design carefully keeps this extreme cold in its right place. A separate temperature—scientifically correct for proper preservation of foods—is automatically maintained in the food compartments. Thus, food cannot be spoiled through freezing or too high a temperature.

With all their improvements in fully automatic operation and in far finer cabinet designs, the new Kelvinators are most moderately priced. See them today and learn how easily you may enjoy this modern refrigeration service now through Kelvinator's attractive ReDisCo monthly budget plan.

1930

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THE NEW
SUPER-
AUTOMATIC

FOR 15 years, Kelvinator

A PAGE of SPORTS NEWS

Hooks and Slides

by William Braucher

Colors Accused
A side from Bobby Jones is there a link in golf? That sits on the shoulders of certain men on the fairway and green and denies them the supreme fruits of their golf championship?

Well, whether or not you believe in it, there does seem to be a link in golf that plagues the players who have almost reached the top several times, only to fall back.

One of these men is Cyril Walker. Another is Al Espinosa. Still others are Harry Cooper and Mike Brady. Another player who for years seemed to be the plaything of fate on the fairways was Jack Hutchison.

After All These Years!
WHAT brings all this up is Cyril Walker's recent victory in the international four ball championship at Miami. When Walker and Clarence Gamber won that event it was the first bit of luck Walker experienced since 1924, when he won the open at Detroit.

Walker never was a swashbuckler of the links. He was slow, painstaking, deliberate. He often won the last position on the teeing ground, probably because his care and caution might delay the others. He drew strange partners. Even though he was champion in 1924, the next year at Worcester he was paired with one of the lesser known players, as if he had been an intruder from the sticks.

His health dogged the little man for five years but he clung on grimly and fought in silence. Slowly he became cautious? Perhaps. But still a fighter.

The Espinosa Story
AL ESPINOSA's story is more recent, with its climax in the national open last year, when Bobby Jones holed out a 14-foot putt on the last hole to tie him with the champion, the Hawaiian, in which Espinosa fell before a 23-stroke margin—one of the most decisive linkings in the history of golf.

Two years ago in Dallas he was one up on Walter Hagen with one to play in the P. G. A. tournament. He dubbed the 36th hole and holed the 37th.

At Oakland, they had already begun to congratulate Harry Cooper

MT. OLIVE.
We have reorganized our Sunday school at this place again, last Sunday being the first time to meet. We invite any one that will to come and take a part.

Most everybody is planting corn this week and some few planting "joy" in the soil to the boll weevils and cotton bugs.

Health of this place seem to be good except little Delton Bustin, who is on the sick list for the past few days. We

If you don't care for MORELAND'S CHILI
In Hot Weather
Drink At Our Fountain

MOM'N POP

IT'S A NEW TRICK. REDUCING TABLET. IT BEGINS WITH M-A-R-SOMETHING. ANY DRUG STORE HAS THEM. I'M NOT GOING TO BE AS FAT AS YOUR AUNT AMY!

I DON'T SEE WHY YOU'RE WORRYING SO ABOUT TAKING ON A WAIST-LINE. NONE OF YOUR RELATIVES ARE WHAT YOU'D CALL FAT. YOU'RE A LAUGH!

I WANT A BOX OF THESE TRICK REDUCING TABLETS

WE HAVE SEVERAL DIFFERENT KINDS—AH—

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

FRECKLES AND OSCAR SAW A BUNCH OF MEN GROUPED ABOUT A TABLE, IN A BASEMENT ROOM IN MYSTERY MANOR—THEY WERE ALMOST DISCOVERED BY ONE OF THE MEN, WHO WAS SENT UP TO INVESTIGATE A NOISE THEY THOUGHT THEY HEARD

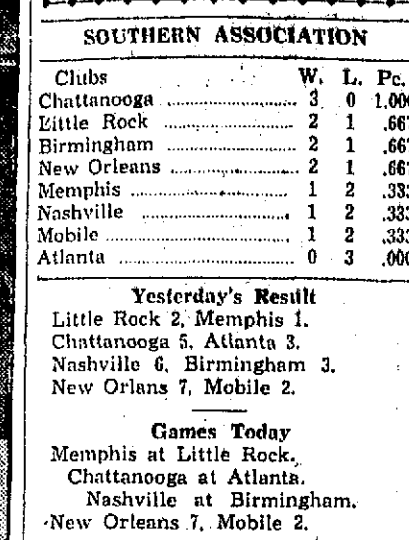
SAY! IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I'D SUGGEST WE GIVE THIS THING UP—

NOT ME! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IS GOING ON— I TELL YOU WHAT YOU CAN DO!

GO OUTSIDE AN' WAIT FOR ME—I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN SEE MORE—I WON'T BE LONG!!

ALL RIGHT—AN' IF I SEE THIS MR. FARBER AN' HIS AIRPLANE COMING BACK, I'LL WHISTLE FOR YOU TO COME OUT!

Pitches for Crimson



A star pitcher with the Harvard University baseball team this spring is Dwight W. Davis, Jr. The Crimson hurler is a son of the governor-general of the Philippine Islands, donor of the Davis Cup and former secretary of war.

State Roads in Good Condition

Hope Chamber Commerce Issues High-

Hope Chamber of Commerce in its regular highway bulletin, issued Thursday, gave the following report on the condition of roads in Southwest Arkansas:

All motorists will be interested in the announcement that the new \$1,000,000 bridge across Red river at Fulton has been completed and is now open to traffic. This eliminates the use of the ferry that has been in operation for more than one hundred years and makes State Highway Number 67 the most practical route from Texarkana to Little Rock and Memphis.

All tourists should now be routed via No. 67.

The roads in this section of Arkansas are now in good condition and motorists will experience no difficulty in traversing the following routes:

Hope—Ft. Smith: State Highway No. 4 to Nashville; No. 24 from Nashville to Locksburg; No. 71 via DeQueen and Mena.

Hope—Shreveport: State Highway No. 67 to Texarkana and State Highway No. 71 from Texarkana to Shreveport. Small section south of Texarkana under construction but in passable condition.

Hope—El Dorado: State Highway No. 29 from Hope to Lewisville and State Highway No. 2 via Stamps, Waldo and Magnolia. This route may also be taken for Eastern Louisiana points.

Hope—Camden, Warren, Monticello: State Highway No. 67 from Hope to Prescott; No. 24 from Prescott to Camden and No. 4 from Camden to Warren and Monticello. State Highway No. 4 is the most direct route from Hope to Camden but hie section across Nevada county has not been completed and is impassable during periods of excessive rainfall.

Route all tourists over State Highway No. 67 from Texarkana to Little Rock and Memphis via Hope, Prescott, Gurdon and Arkadelphia.

Miss Dorothy Keith and Phillip Harrel were Texarkana visitors Sunday. Mrs. Clark Poole of Texarkana is the guest of C. B. Poole. Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Weathers, Miss Alice Cook and Mary Presley were in Magnolia Monday night, skating.

TEXAS LEAGUE

Clubs	W.	L.	Pc.
Beaumont	6	2	.750
Wichita Falls	6	2	.750
Houston	5	4	.555
Dallas	4	4	.500
Shreveport	4	4	.500
San Antonio	3	5	.375
Waco	3	6	.333
Fort Worth	2	6	.250

Yesterday's Result
Wichita Falls 4, Dallas 3.
Shreveport 4, Fort Worth 3.
San Antonio 4, Beaumont 3.
Houston 7, Waco 4.

STAMPS

Miss Dorothy Keith and Phillip Harrel were Texarkana visitors Sunday. Mrs. Clark Poole of Texarkana is the guest of C. B. Poole. Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Weathers, Miss Alice Cook and Mary Presley were in Magnolia Monday night, skating.

Fat-Head

ANTI-FAT?

YES, SHE IS! BUT THIS IS FOR MY WIFE!!

The Most They Can Do!

THEY SAY TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE BUT I SEEM TO REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE BROTH, TOO!!

IF THEY ASK ME WHAT I'M DOING HERE, I'LL JUST TELL THEM I GOT IN HERE BY ACCIDENT—THEY CAN'T ANY MORE THAN THROW ME OUT—THAT'S A CINCH!!

Daily Cross-word Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Feminine title of address
2. In out
3. Every person
4. Diminutive
5. Always
6. Little
7. Scotch
8. Unaccented syllables of poetry
9. Control a horse
10. Flow back
11. O'er
12. As far as
13. Kind of vessel; abbr.
14. Heavy hammer
15. Landed property; abbr.
16. Current of water
17. Rhetorical figure of speech
18. Broiled
19. Disturbance of the peace
20. Conflicts; abbr.
21. Against
22. South American river
23. Hair cut
24. Kind of soil

DOWN

1. Cry of a cat
2. Toss humming bird
3. Song room
4. Surface
5. Pronoun
6. Sweethearts
7. Roman date
8. Teutonic sky and war god
9. Strike an attitude
10. Confession
11. College official
12. Is becoming
13. Proposed international language
14. Moving part
15. City in Germany
16. Division of a regiment
17. Third U. S. vice president
18. Facet
19. Supplest plant
20. Immature frog
21. Great lake
22. Per day's mother
23. Siamese coins
24. Devouring
25. Frighten
26. Exit
27. Evergreen tree of Morocco
28. Stair
29. Former president's nickname
30. Silk worm
31. Epoch
32. Together; prefix
33. College degree

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Otho Presley of El Dorado was home Sunday.

C. C. Pitman is in Chicago this week on a business trip.

The Young Peoples Missionary Society met Monday evening in the home of Mrs. Geo. Holmes, a delightful Easter egg hunt was enjoyed by the members and then an interesting program was rendered on the crucifixion of Christ.

Miss Ona Galloway visited Miss Clyde Bridges in Snackover Sunday. Miss Verna McGough entertained at her home with a party for her Sunday-school class last Friday night. She was assisted by Miss Ona Galloway and Jean Rae Poole. The interesting game "Bury" was enjoyed throughout the evening. Easter favors were used with the delicious ice cream and angel food cake. Those present were: Dorothy Johnson, Evelyn Chandler, Elizabeth Chandler, Hazel Russell, Lewisville, Sue McDonald, Nita Collins, Spring Hill, Josephine Cleveland Anna Mae McGough, Helen Jarnigan, Melba Poole, Louise Mackey, Conway Dickson, Robert Robinson, Bob Veluin, Lewisville, Donald Sheffield, Lewisville, Milburn Messrs. Clifford Malone.

Home Preserving made Easy

PEN-JEL

MAKES THE JELLY JELL

With this powdered fruit pectin, the making of jelly and jam is merely a matter of mixing the ingredients (by the cup for cup method) and boiling for just a few minutes. Saves sugar and juice.

By Cowan

FOR EASTER

Swift Premium Hams ea. \$2.69

You Can not Buy a Better Ham

By Blooser

Sausage Pound 15c

Bacon Sliced rind on pound 27c

Salt Meat POUND 13½c

Catfish--Red Snapper

Watch Our Window Each Day For S-P-E-C-I-A-L-S

Hope's Leading Grocery

Big-game Hunter (at dance): "I killed four lions that day." She: "How wonderful. Did you tread on them?"

He: "If you keep looking at me like that I'm going to kiss you." She: "Well, I can't hold this expression much longer."

There is more power in that Gulf Gasoline and Supreme Motor Oil

M. S. BATES agent

Phone 24 or 924

ARMOUR'S STAR HAMS WITH THE FIXED FLAVOR

Get One Free!

A 300 lb. cake of ice is being placed on our sidewalk at 7:00 A. M. Saturday. Ask us about it.

Russell & Hawthorne

Phone 90

PIGGLY WIGGLY

All Over the World

Iceberg

Lettuce Head 5c

Potatoes Pound 5c

Celery Large Jumbo Stalks 7½c

ALCO BRAND

LARD The very best tShortening 8-lb pail 95c

OLEO Equal to Creamery Butter Pound 19c

BETTY JANE

COFFEE 45c value 1 pound 19c 5 pounds 75c

CREAM Robin Red Breast

MEAL 24 pound sack 58c

The 100% Sanitary Market, where Your Meats Are Handled By A Man That Has A Health C-E-R-T-I-F-I-C-A-T-E

FOR EASTER

Swift Premium Hams ea. \$2.69

You Can not Buy a Better Ham

Sausage Pound 15c

Bacon Sliced rind on pound 27c

Salt Meat POUND 13½c

Catfish--Red Snapper

Watch Our Window Each Day For S-P-E-C-I-A-L-S

Hope's Leading Grocery

A Free Rest Room For Out of Town Shoppers

Publix-Saenger Theatre

Hope, Arkansas

Invites

You, Your Friends and
Your Family to Make
Use of Their

FREE PUBLIX REST ROOM

Open to the Public Saturday, April 19th.

Open Daily thereafter from 7 a. m. Until 6 p. m. Maid in Attendance from 12 to 6 p. m.

Placed at Your Disposal Through the Co-Operation of the Saenger Theatre, Hope Merchants, Hope Chamber of Commerce and Hope Civic Organizations

Free! Free!

FREE
ICE
WATER

A Rest Room
For Mothers
Easy Chairs--Day Beds

FREE
PHONE
SERVICE

A Rest Room for Men

Smoker --- Lounge

A Place to Leave
the Kiddies
Maid in Attendance
From 12 to 6 p. m.



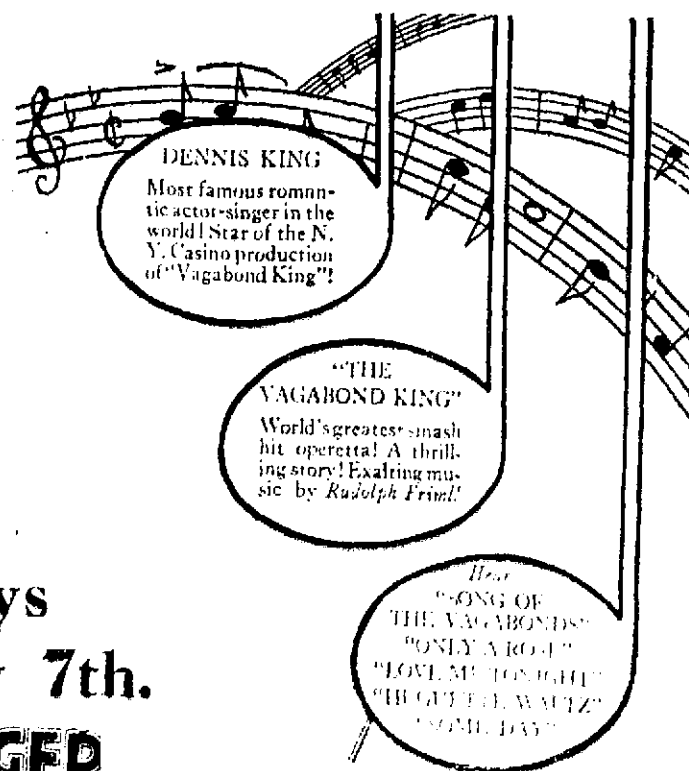
All Talking
All Singing
All Amazing
All Spectacular
Paramount Proudly Presents

DENNIS KING
—in—
THE
VAGABOND KING

—with—
JEANETTE MacDonald
Lillian Roth—O. P. Heggie—Warner Oland
Photographed Entirely in
Perfect Technicolor

3 Big Days
Starting May 7th.

SAENGER
Home of
Paramount Pictures



This Space Paid
for By

R. T. White & Co., Insurance

Checkered Cafe

Jno. P. Cox Drug Co.

Patterson's Department Store

Red Ball Store

Stewart's Jewelry Store

Shiver Bros., Plumbers

Reed-Routon & Co.

Ritchie Grocer Co.

(Wholesale only)

Moreland's Drugs-Confectionery

"M" System Store

(J. M. Stripling & Sons)

K. G. McRae Hardware Co.

Ward & Son, Druggists

Stephenson's Grocery

First National Bank

Montgomery-Ward & Co

Ladies' Socialty Shop

Chamber of Commerce

Patterson's Cash & Carry Gro.

A Rest Room For Ladies

First Aid Kit

Open Daily

7 A. M. UNTIL 6 P. M.
Maid in Attendance from 12 to 6 p. m.

Starting

Saturday, April 19